

T H E  
SURPRIZING ADVENTURES,  
O F  
Jack Oakum, & Tom Splicewell,

Two Sailors, who went a Pirating on the King's Highway. How that the first Prize they took gave Information of their Course, and being pursued by a whole Squadron, Tom Splicewell was taken and condemned to be hanged: But by means of his beloved Friend Jack Oakum, who interceded with his Majesty, he was pardoned. Also a copy of Jack's polite Letter to the King, on the above occasion.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
THE MERRY REVENGE;  
O R,  
JOE'S STOMACH in TUNE.



G L A S G O W,  
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T H E

Surprizing Adventures,

O F

Jack Oakum, & Tom Splicewell.

*Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.*

DRYD. DON. SEB.

**A**T the conclusion of the war, Jack Oakum and Tom Splicewell, two sailors, who had been some time on shore, and had spent the produce of their last voyage; after a small time, their Wapping Landlady, who was called Mother Double-Chalk, began not only to look coolly on them, but also according to custom, when their money was gone, to behave roughly toward them; and they not being entered again into any service, began to scheme how they should raise a little money for their present use; and, after several proposals made between them, that still met some objections, one of them at length said, Zoons! mess-mate, what think you for a trip or two, for a venture, o' privateering about these coasts a little? In my mind we

might pick up a prize or two, without firing a shot. Aye, replied the other, but suppose we should be taken, will not a court-martial hang us for pirates? Zoons! said the other, we must take what care we can not to be taken; and be sure not to cruize out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why we must crowd all the sail we can, and be sure never to strike, as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture, and out they set, with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of broomsticks. And when they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them seeing a gentleman coming towards them, says he to the other,—  
‘Damme Jack! this is a prize worth boarding: shall we bring him to? he seems well rigged and loaded.’——  
So he does, replied the other; and with that they both made ready for the attack. And when the gentleman came up to them, they both brandished their weapons, and he who was Commodore saluted him as follows:——



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‘Damn my blood, my boy, but we  
‘must have some money from you!  
‘or else by G—d, you shall have a  
‘broadside!’ The gentleman, finding  
by their arms, manner, and language,  
that they were but young in their bu-  
siness, answered them thus:—‘Well  
‘gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors,  
‘and good hearty cocks, do not use  
‘me ill, and you shall be welcome to  
‘what money I have about me, with  
‘all my heart, was it ten times as  
‘much.’ With that he presents them  
with about three shillings and six-  
pence’—‘Here, gentlemen, says he,  
‘is all the money I have at present,  
‘& I wish it was more for your sakes.’  
——The sailors seeing the gentleman  
so good natured, seemed quite satisfi-  
ed; took the money; told him it was  
enough, and wished him a good voy-  
age. But they had not gone far with  
their booty, before they were pursued;  
for the gentleman telling the advent-  
ure just after, to some people that he  
met, the posse was raised; and in less  
than half an hour, one of them was  
taken, the other, by some means or  
other made his escape. The next ses-



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sions at the Old Bailey, my young Commodore was convicted of felony, and sentenced to be hang'd; though the simplicity of the proceeding, made many people sorry for him. After this misfortune, his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, though he had escaped himself; for no body had yet enquired or sought after him about it. But Jack resolved to spare no pains, if possible, to save his poor mesmate's life. And being one day at their rendezvous, talking about it, with another of his old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries—'Sblood, Tom! I have  
' a good mind, I'd write a letter for  
' him to the King myself, I am told  
' that no body else can pardon him;  
' and I fancy that would be the most  
' likely way to do the business; only  
' I cannot tell who to get to carry it,  
' and deliver it to him.'——'Z—ns!' cries the other, 'I like your scheme,  
' Jack! and if you can write it, I will  
' go along with you, and we will carry  
' it to him ourselves,' (and then we will be sure that he will have it).

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‘ for I never saw the King in my life.’  
—‘ Nor I neither,’ replied the other,  
‘ and by G—d Tom! if you will go  
‘ with me to him, I will write a letter  
‘ immediately, and by the Mess, I will  
‘ not turn my back to any man in Eng-  
‘ land, either for writing or spelling.’

—Here, the other answering with  
an oath, that he would be as good as  
his word, and go with him. Jack cal-  
led immediately for pen, ink, and pa-  
per, but as he was going to begin his  
polite epistle, a great blotch of ink  
dropped from his pen upon the top of  
his paper. Jack never called for any  
more, but wiping it with his finger  
along the sheet, he began and wrote  
as follows:

*An please your Kingship,*

**T**HIS is to let you know, that my mess-  
mate Tom Splicerwell is condemn’d to  
be hang’d; for you must know, he was  
foolish enuff to set out a privateering,  
without applying to the Admirality for  
leave; and the first prize he took, gave  
some intelligence of his course, so that he  
was chased by a whole Squadron, and  
soon after taken and carried into port.

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However, he's a very honest fellow, I assure you, and by G—d, as good a seaman as e'er stept between stem and stern. He shall Not and Spice, Reef, and Handle a Sail, Steer, and Rig a Ship, with e'er a man in the Navee, and that's a bould word: and if youle be so kind as to order his discharge, I dare swear, he'll never be guilty of such another cryme, as long as he lives, which will also very much oblige,

*your humble servant,*

JACK OAKUM.

*From the Ship Alehouse,  
in Wapping. Witness,  
THOMAS FLIPLOVE, Shipmate.*

When Jack had finished the above letter, and the other set his hand to it, as a proof of his approbation, and the truth of its contents, they sealed it up and directed it as follows:

*This for the King, with speed.*

As soon as this was done, without further delay, out they set to deliver their letter as directed; and all the way they went, they enquired where the King lived. At last when they came into the Strand, near Charing-



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Cross, a gentleman who was just come out of St. James's; hearing them enquire so earnestly for the King, stept up to them, and demanded thus:—

'Hark ye, my lads, what do you want with the King? Pray, have you any express for his Majesty? An express!

'no! (answers one of them) we have no express, nor do not know what you mean: but we have got a letter

'for him and want to deliver it to him if we can:—What! (replies the gen-

'tleman) to the King himself, King himself, Aye, to the King himself,

'(cries the sailor) suppose it was to the Lord High Admiral, what of

'that?—Why my lad, replied the gentleman, If it be a thing of conse-

'quence, you may easily see the King, for he is walking in the Mall.

'—I saw him there within these ten minutes myself.—What sir, demands

'Jack, is he walking there alone?—No, replies the gentleman, there are

'a great many of the nobility and gentry along with him.—How may a

'body know then, cries Jack, which is he?—Why, says the gentleman

'again, the King is a very well look-

ing man, and you may know him  
by a star on his left breast and a blue  
ribbon hanging from his neck.'

By this time a number of people were gathered about the sailors; and hearing what had passed betwixt them and the gentleman, (as above,) after the sailors had thanked him, they proceeded, and the mob resolved to bear them company in their embassy. So that by the time they had got to the park, their attendants was encreased to several hundreds. But just as they came to the end of the Mall, they happened to meet a Nobleman, who in some measure answered the description which the gentleman had given of the King, being a Knight of the Garter, with his star and ribbon.——Jack no sooner saw him, but he roared out to his companion.——'By G—d Tom, here is the King! Now for it!——So after feeling for the letter, he stepped up to the nobleman, and saluted him thus:——'Your humble servant, Sir, Pray, are you the King?—No, friend, (replied his Lordship) I am not indeed. Pray, Why do you ask me that question?—Nay, Sir, (return-

ed the sailor) I beg your pardon!  
hope no offence! But I was told just  
now, by a gentleman, that he is  
rigged much in the same trim as you  
are; so that I did not know but you  
might be him.—Have you any dis-  
patches for his Majesty, demands the  
nobleman, that you are in such quest  
of him.—Spatches! Yes, Sir, quoth  
Jack, I have; I have a letter for him,  
and must deliver it into his own  
hand, if I can find him.'——The  
nobleman imagining that there might  
be something more than common in  
this reincounter, told them, that if  
they pleased he would go back with  
them, and not only shew them the  
King, but would also introduce them  
to him. Upon which the Sailors thank-  
ed him for his good-will, and away  
they went together. When they came  
to about the middle of the Mall, they  
met his Majesty; and the nobleman  
going up to him, in a low voice, ac-  
quainted him with what had passed  
between him and the sailors; and  
pointing to them, desired his Majesty  
would please to permit them to deliver  
their letter to him:—By all means, my



Lord, replied the King.—With that he beckoned the sailors to approach.—

‘ Here, my lads, says his Lordship, this is his Majesty, if you have any letter for him, you may deliver it.’

—Here Jack advanced, with his hand to his hat, but without pulling it off, and having come pretty near the King, said to him,—‘ Pray, Sir, are you the

‘ King?—Yes, Sir, answered his Majesty smiling, I believe so.—Then Sir, says Jack, there’s a letter for you

‘ and please you.’——The King looking hard at the fellow, could not help smiling at his blunt uncourtly address; but he took the letter, and looking upon the superscription, fell a laughing, and shewed it all round to the nobles that attended him. Jack

seeing the King look so pleasantly, says to his shipmate,——‘ By G—d, Tom,

‘ I believe it will do; the King seems

‘ in a very good humour.’—And when his Majesty had read the letter, he delivered it to the nobleman who introduced the sailor to him.—‘ Look here

‘ my Lord, says he, read that letter,

‘ and learn a new diction. Upon my

‘ honour, this fellow has no deceit in

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him; I dare say; it is his own hand writing, and his own dictating too. However, this I may say to his credit, that his stile and behaviour, are both honest towards me; for he hath neither troubled me with compliments in the one, or ceremonies in the other.—So turning to the sailor, he said to him, who gave him the letter, ‘ Well friend, as this is the first offence, (upon the account of your kind letter here) you may let your friend know, that I will pardon him this time; but let him take care that he never transgresses so again.’—— ‘ An’t please you Sir, (quoth Jack) I dare say he never will; and if you will take care that he shall not be hanged this time, I’m sure Tom’s a very honest fellow, and will be very thankful to you.—Well, said his Majesty, you may assure yourself, that he shall not die for this time, and you may let him know that I shall save his life, for the sake of your letter here.’—— ‘ Aye, Sir, said the sailor, but how may a body be sure that you will not forget it?’—— ‘ Why,’ replied the King, ‘ You may take my word for

‘it, I will not forget it.’—‘Cause, if  
‘you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they  
‘may hang him, and you never be  
‘the wiser. But if once we should get  
‘him a shipboard with us, by the  
‘blood! but you must then ask the  
‘captain first, or a thousand of you  
‘could not hang him.’—‘Why then,’  
replied the King, ‘If you will take  
‘care, and get him a shipboard as soon  
‘as he is at liberty, I will take care  
‘he shall be discharged in a very few  
‘days.’—‘Sir,’ replied the sailor, ‘I  
‘return your Kingship a great many  
‘thanks; and I am sure poor Tom will  
‘be ready to hang himself for joy that  
‘he is to go on board again; and by  
‘the mess! there is no good to be got  
‘staying so long on shore.’—So, he  
made the King a low bow, hitches up  
his trowsers, tacked himself about,  
and steered off in triumph, that his  
polite letter had saved his messmate’s  
life. And the story says, that the King  
and his attendants, were no less pleas-  
ed at the poor sailors’ embassy, than  
they were with the success of it.

T H E E N D.



T H E  
MERRY REVENGE,  
O R,  
JOE'S STOMACH IN TUNE.

*Crude imposition's like a bow that's bent,  
To twang an arrow with an ill intent ;  
Which being shot, the impenetrable mark,  
Rebounds it back and wounds the marksman's heart.*

ANONYM.

**T** Here are a sort of trades-people in the world, so selfish, and so ignorant, that they vainly imagine a shilling extorted, or imposed, and extraordinarily put into the pocket, is all clear gains and good management; not considering, that the smallest imposition may be liable to ruin their reputation for the future; and that a man may easier gain an ill repute than recover a good one. He that would make a fortune by public business, had much better under-sell than over-reach, for as much as the one brings custom to the shop, the other drives away.—No man will patiently brook an imposition; nor do all men resent an abuse alike. However it behoves every

person, whose livelihood depends on the public, to be very tender how they offend them.—The following story is a true instance of a merry revenge upon one of these penurians, and the affair happened as follows.

Two merchants agreed, one Sunday in the spring, to take a ride ten or twelve miles out of town, and to dine at some ordinary in the country. Accordingly they pitched upon some village in Essex, where there was a twelve-penny-ordinary every Sunday; but it happened, that after they were come to the house, and had acquainted the landlord, that they intended to dine with him, that one of them was taken ill of a sudden, so that when dinner was brought upon the table, the gentleman could not bear the smell of it; but soon after growing something better, he ordered some wine to be made hot for him, with an egg beat up in it, and which soon recovered him again. An hour or two after this, the gentleman being again pretty well, they sat and drank a bowl of hot punch together, and at last calling for the reckoning: The Landlord, out of his princely

munificence, had charged the gentleman that was ill, the same of his ordinary, (although he never tasted of it) as he did all the rest, viz. a shilling for eating: what, says the gentleman, do you charge me a shilling for eating; I suppose you mean for not eating; you know very well I never sat down to your ordinary nor came near the table. I cannot help that, Sir, replies the landlord, you said you came to dine with me, and had a knife and fork laid ready for you, and there was victuals enough, so that if you did not chuse to eat, that was no fault of mine; you were in the same company, and I should have been as well pleased, if you had eaten a hearty dinner, as none at all; it makes no difference to me; and I must not break through an established custom.——Very well, (replies the gentleman) if it be an established custom, I do not desire you so much as to crack upon my account.——So they paid their reckoning, and away they went, but not very well pleased, as we may suppose, with their landlord's imposition, but when they were upon the road home again, says



one of them, I have a thought come into my head, that if it be put in execution, I fancy we may pay him in his own coin, and perhaps it may be a means of amending his manners for the future.—What is it? demands the other.—Why, replies he, What if we bring our Joe, the porter, to dine there next Sunday? Joe has the character of an eight or nine pounder upon occasion, and is a very humorous kind of a fellow into the bargain.—Egad, (says the other) you could not have thought of a better scheme; Joe is capable of giving us a feast, though the Landlord should make us pay for fasting; I'll go half in the expences of the day with all my heart, and let's inform him of the thing to-morrow, that he may have time enough to prepare himself.—All this being agreed on between them, the next day they acquainted Joe with their plan for the next Sunday's recreation. Joe was over-joyed with the thoughts of the fine country ride he was to have, and vowed he'd well revenge his master's quarrel. Accordingly, when the next Sunday came, they all three set out

together, and took two friends more with them, to partake of the sport. — Well, says one of them, as they were going along, I hope Joe your stomach is in good order. — Egad, master, says Joe, I must have a piece of bread and cheese presently, to keep the wind out of my stomach, or else I shall not be able to eat two pounds by that time dinner is ready. — Ay, ay, (says the gentleman) thou shalt have what thou wilt to eat and drink, so that you take care not to spoil your appetite till you come there; but be sure you don't call any of us master, but call us by our names, just as free as we do you, for to-day we are all on one footing. But, above all, be sure not to rise from the table hungry. Thus they went on diverting themselves with the thoughts of approaching revenge; and Joe, to put his stomach in tune, stopped two or three miles before they came there, and snapped up a pound of bread and cheese, and a tankard of beer, and then he said he was right. When they came there, they acquainted the landlord they were come to dine with

him, so putting their horses up, they all walked about the garden till dinner was ready, when Joe mounted the stage, without the least regard to either fear or mercy. The first thing that came upon the table, was a dish of soup; Joe chose not any of that; he said it was too watery, and had no substance in it, but there being about nine or ten people more, besides the five, the soup was pretty well finished, and then comes a buttock of boiled beef, with carrots and greens; Joe fastens on this, and at the first stroke he cuts off a slice all round the whole piece, full two inches thick, and because it was too broad for his plate, he divided it in four quarters, and began to lay about him with a vengeance, saying, There was some meaning in a good piece of beef, and the first piece he put in his mouth, he swore it was very good, and he believed he should make his dinner on't. The company were all amazed when they looked upon his plate, and saw how he shovelled it into his mouth, and began to carve for themselves as fast as they could, lest they should not



each of them have a mouthful; but they had scarce helped themselves round before Joe's plate is empty, who began to whet his knife for a second trial; he hawks the dish to him, and round he goes again with another slice, very little inferior to his first, which surprized them all more than he had done before; but one of his companions asking him, if he would not help himself to some greens or carrots, he replied, They are too windy, and only serve to blow up the stomach, there's no substance in them: With that the drawer ran down stairs to his master, as hard as he could drive—Egad, Sir, says he, There's a man above stairs, that has eat above half the buttock of beef himself already, and there's not above a pound and an half of it left in the dish: He pitches it into his mouth as tho' he was filling an oven. Zounds, quoth the master, send up the breast of veal as fast as you can for your life, and I'll bring down what's left; so away he runs up stairs, to take a view of his new cormorant, but by that time he came up stairs, he had cleared up

his plate a second time. In ten minutes up comes a roasted breast of veal, and the landlord going to take off the beef, (for there was not much of it left) Joe catches fast hold of the dish, and swore a great oath, that he had not half dined, and in a moment whipped off the remainder of the boiled beef upon his own plate.—Seeing of that, the master runs down again to his wife, with a very dejected countenance, and shewing her the empty dish that the buttock of beef went up on, he swore a great oath, there would not be a morsel of victuals left for the family to dine on; so up he went again to be a woful spectator of Joe's wonderful performance; but now Joe, being pretty well cloyed of the beef, began to lie by a little, and called for something to drink. By and by, one of the company demanded of the landlord, what there was else for dinner? He replied, with a faint voice, Gentlemen, I have nothing else but a boiled plumb-pudding; I did not expect so much good company to-day, continued he with a sigh, (and looking at the same time very hard upon Joe) or

I would really have provided something more.—No, no, replied Joe, it is very well, we can make shift well enough; and I am very glad you have got a plumb-pudding, with all my heart, for I am fond of all sorts of pudding.—What then, says one of the gentlemen, Won't you taste the veal, Sir?—I believe not, replies Joe, it is but a hungry sort of food, I had rather stay for the pudding. The rest of the company having had but a very small share of the beef, and now almost ended the veal, when the pudding made its appearance; and the Landlord going to take up the small remnant that was left, Joe, who had fixed his Argus eyes upon it, stabs his fork fast into it, crying out, Hold Landlord, you shall not say but I'll taste it however, else perhaps you may be affronted, and when I am gone, say I was nine, and could not eat roast veal.—So there was the third dish emptied, and all the company was much amazed, and stared at Joe, as tho' he had been the greatest prodigy in nature.—But here Joe, being a little cloyed, called for a bumper of red wine,



and having piddled a little while with the bones of his veal, till he had cleaned them, he called for another good bumper of red wine, which he had no sooner tipped off, but he called for another, and which made the company, I mean the strangers, begin to think, that he intended to drink as much as he had eaten.—Now, says he, gentlemen, few people that are fond of plumb-pudding know how to eat it, or any thing of a proper sauce to it; and as most sorts of puddings are heavy and cloying, but especially plumb-pudding, no sauce can be better to it than red wine, because the fine smartness of the wine helps to palliate the pudding.—With that, he pours his bumper of red wine into his plate, and cuts full two thirds of what pudding was remaining in the dish. This crowned the whole work, for his companions seeing that, divided the other amongst them, and Joe was now admired as a prodigy indeed.

Some time after dinner was over, the Landlord came up stairs, and desired to speak a word with one of Joe's friends—Sir, says he, As that gentle-

man is your acquaintance, and has a more than common volubility of appetite, I shall esteem it as a favour, if you'll take an opportunity, by-and-by, of speaking to him for me, that I hope he'll be so kind as to consider me something more than the common price of my ordinary, for, upon my word, Sir, he has obliged me to dress a fresh dinner for my own family, or they must have gone without victuals.

—Lord, Sir, replied the gentleman, I'd do it with all my heart, but I know it will signify nothing, for it might have happened, you know, that he had not eaten a morsel, and it is no easy matter, you know, Landlord, for a person to break through an established custom. This answer confounded the Landlord in an instant, and convinced him that this was only a bill due to him, which they had thus contrived to pay off in his own coin.

F I N I S.

G L A S G O W,

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